

# The Funeralles

## of King Edward the sixt.

¶ VVherin are declared the  
causers and causes of his  
death.



¶ Wiscdome. iiii.

¶ He pleased God, and was beloved of him, and therfore hath God removed him from sinners among whom he lived. Yea sodayntly was he taken awaye, to the ende that wickednes should not alter his vnderstanding. Though he dyed yong, yet fulfilled he much tyme, for his soule pleased God, therfore hastned he to take him awaye from among the wycked.

## William Baldwin to the Reader.



Great hath been the doubt among many, eber since the death of our late vertuous soberayne Lorde King Edward the fyrst, by what meane he dyed, and what were the causes of his death. This doubte is fully resolved in this booke, penned before his coorse was buried, & endeavored since by many meanes to have had been printed: but such was the time, that it could not be brought to passe. Wherefore now at length (good Reader) it is set forth, both to take away all doubt in this matter, and to exhorte thee to leaue thy sinnes, and noughty living: Least, that as they wer in part the vndoubted cause of that moost godly pynces death, so they become the destruction of our vertuous Queen his sister, and the bitter rygne of this whole realme. For as thou shalt perceyue by this true Treatise, our innumerable sinnes were the chiefe, yea the only cause why God so soone tooke good King Edward from vs: which surely if we do not speedely repent and amend, I dare not declare with how greivous and heaby plagues God him selfe will purge and punish them. Wherefore I earnestly beseeche thee, as thou lovest the Queen, the Realme, yea thine owne body and soule, amend thy life. God graunt this may perswade thee.

Amen.

Lobe and live.

**The Funerallles of the most  
noble and godly Prince  
Kynge Edward  
the fyr.**



When bytter Wynter forced had the Sun  
From the hoyned Goat to Pisces ward to run,  
And libely say, that greneth gardins soote,  
To styre the stocke to save her nurse, the roote,  
And sleety Cech that bloweth by North fro East,  
Decayd the health and welth of man and beast,  
The almighty minde that rayneth thye in one,  
Disposyng all thynges from his stable throne,  
Beheld the earth, and man among the rest:  
Moubde by the crye of such as wer opprest.  
And when he had the maynland throughe by belved,  
With Mahometrie and Idol blud embretwed,  
Wherby now his Law and Gospel wer despyde,  
His love, his awe, his worship quite exilde,  
He turned his eyes from that so fowle a sight,  
And toward the Zies he cast his looke a right:  
In hope that where true knowledge did abound,  
He should sum lobelyer sight have quickly found.  
But when he sawe all vice most vile and naught  
Most risely swarme, where truty had most be taught,  
In England chese, which he of speciall grace  
Had made his word and chosens resting place,  
And had for that cause powrd on it such store  
Of welthy giftes as none could wishe for more,  
Joynt with a King, of such a godly minde,

A.ii.

Ro



## The Funerall of King

As seldome erst he elsewhere had affinde,  
All too and wroth he stang away his face,  
And to him selfe he thus betwixt the case,

To see this people should they sinnes forsake,  
I haue lookt so long, vntill mine eyes do ake.

To hide their mischiefs waring more and more,  
I haue winkt so long till loe my byes be soze.

My throte is hoze, my lippes haue lost theyr skinne  
Through feruent crye to fray them from theyr sinne:  
Might gentlenes haue wabbe them to relent,

What haue they wisht, that hath not strait be sent:  
Sith then they passe so: neyther threats, no: love,

No: easy plagis wherby I do them probe,

What els remainys but to destroy them all,

The yong, the old, the myghty with the small.

Ch:yst hearing this, and moved with the teares

Of vertuous folke, (so: whose sake God so: beares

The wicked so: although their sinnes be great)

For his elect on this so: gan intreat.

If Justice due (dere father) should haue place,

I knowe it booteth not to seke so: grace:

But though their sins all measure far excede,

Pet stay thy wroth, haue mercy on our nede.

And sith through sayth a mayny of them be mine,

Graunt leaue this once to waite this thyt vine:

That doen, if so their fruytes do not amend,

As barrayne b:ambles byng them to an end.

When Ch:yst our saviours merciful request

Was sonke into his fathers tender brest,

He neyther graunted it, no: pet denyd

But



## Edvard the syxt.

But fatherlike thus to his sonne he sayd:  
To sewe for mercy I marvaile what ye meane,  
For such a sort as haue reiect vs cleane.  
Behold the heades, what els do they denie,  
Haue in our name to cloke their conetise?  
Whine herptage they haue thee whole bereft,  
Except thy hurt, let see, what haue they left?  
Thy golde, thy plate, thy lodgyng, yea thy landes  
What are the poores, are in the richest handes:  
They waste, they spoyle, they spill vpon their pydes  
That which was geuen the nedy coorse to hyde:  
And thou lpest naked starving at their gates  
While they consume thy substance with theyr mates.  
As for theyr lawe wherby men should haue right  
Is ruled hole by money and by might.  
And where the riche the nedy should relibe  
They do their best to beggry all to drible.  
What titles forge they falsely to their landes,  
Untill they wrongly wyng them from their handes?  
How iopne they house to house, how farme to farme?  
How lease to lease, the selly sort to harne?  
How rapse they rents, what incoms, yea what fines  
Crack they still though all the world repines?  
How suffer they theyr grayne to rot and hoze  
To make a dearth when I geue plenty stozes?  
And where they brag they do thy word auance,  
Haue they not spoyld or stifte all mayntenance,  
That therto serbde: what kinde of Clergy lande  
Dz see, is free now from the Lay mans hande?  
What gentleman, what marchant, yea what swayne,

All.

But

## The Funerall of King

But hath o; may have a personage o; twayne?  
I loth to name the vilenes of the rest,  
So so;e my hart they; robb;e doth detest.  
Is this the way our Gospell to defende?  
No no, we see to well what they entend.  
But passe we this, and marke their godly liues,  
How do they kepe they; promys with they; wiues?  
For what respect do they they; marriage make  
Habe riches, honour, o; promotion sake?  
Alas how are our Orphans bought and solde,  
Our widowes so;st to mary where they nould,  
What vowe, what oth, what bond most strongly knyt,  
Dorch hold, where gayne may growe by breaking it?  
And when our preachers tell them ought hereof,  
What do they then saue eyther threat o; shof?  
Which causeth such as would thy manhode spoyle,  
And rob from thee the merite of thy royle,  
To hate thy word, and count our prophetes evill,  
Tying them both together at the devill.  
Are these thy vine; thy flocke canst thou them call  
That steale thy landes, thy goodes, thy glo;e and alle?  
When so; these sins I sent them late the sweate,  
How low they croucht, so hard they dyd intreat,  
What earnest vowes they made they would amend,  
But as you see nought lesse they dyd intend:  
For I no sooner had withdrawen my curse,  
But they as soone were fallen from yll to worse.  
For where they bowed to slype and set aside  
They; cobetise, they; othes, they; fare, they; pryde,  
They rayd thy; rents, they; sines, they; marchandise,  
And

Edvard the syxt.

And glot their pautche wth daryny wine and spices,  
Che Idollyke wth panned silke and gold,  
Arayd they: wibes and children yong and old:  
As for them selbes who marketh their attyer,  
Would thinke them Gods more like then byrtille myer,  
And shall we suffer so perberse a nacton  
To skorne and mocke their God on such a fashion:  
No no my sonne, that were agaynst all ryght,  
Yet for thy sake, I will not strope them quight,  
But for to trye them once at thy request  
I will bat touch their king, and warne the rest  
To amend their lides, which if they do delay  
I will take their king, their comfort life and stay:  
And if they set his deatch to at their heele,  
I will powze downe plages till ebery one do feele.

This sayd, he called to his seruante Crasy cold,  
Whom the Ily king kept prissoner in his hold  
Beneath the woales, where vnder he doth dwell  
In grylly darke like to the deepe of hell,  
In rockes and caves of snow and stered ple  
That neber thaw, and sayd hit in this wise,  
About fife Climates henceward to the South  
Betwene the maynland and the Decean mouth,  
Two plandes lye, sharce distant forty mile:  
Wherof the larger and more Eastward ple  
Cald Britaie once, til time that peoples sin  
Draue out them selbes & brought straunge nactons in,  
Is now devided into porcions thre,  
And in the same thre sundry peoples be.  
Of which the best and cyuill like in sight,



## The Funerall of King

But worst in verbe, the english nation highe  
And they indwel the Southpart of the land.  
Fro the midst wherof (marke wel, and vnderstand)  
A Riber runneth Eastward to the mayne  
Sea some, that parteth it and Fraunce in twayne.  
About this riuer many mighty Botwzes  
Are cumly buyle with Castels, Halles, and Towzes,  
In which the King and Rulers commonly  
In Wynter time with al theyr householdes lye.  
To one of these I wil thou hve in posse,  
To that I meane where as the pynce is moſt;  
I thought to byd thee marke the great resoꝝt,  
But do not so, for other beare a poꝝt  
As great as he, and greater othertwhile:  
But take this note, which will the not begyle,  
The mournful chere of many a suters face  
Will shew the sure which is his biding place.  
And when thou hast his place and person found,  
I will thou shalt his helthy body vnsound:  
But see thou hurt him not vnto the death,  
Thou shalt but stop his Loungpipes, that his brest  
Conſtraynd, may cause the cough byede in his brest:  
Els what shall cure oꝝ quel by al the rest.  
But in this feat I charge the see thou looke  
Thou harme him not while he is at his booke,  
Oꝝ other kinde of vertuous exercise:  
Neither yet at game so it be boyd of vice.  
But if this Wynter time thou mayſt him marke  
To ride all day all arme about the park,  
Oꝝ els at dice, oꝝ tennis out of time

## Edvard the syxt.

To oberwatch or tople him selfe, for such a crime  
Strike hardily, but not so hard, I say:

This is thy charge, about it, go thy way.

Scarce was this errand thowly to him tolde,  
But forth he came this thibering crasy cold,  
With Whyles behistled like a Boze,  
About his head behind and eke before.

His skin was hard, al made of glassy yle,  
Duerheard with hoze frost, like gray Frithe Fritse,  
His armes and legges, to kepe him warme I trow,  
Wer skaled thzough with flakes of frosen snowe,  
And from his mouth there reekt a bzech so hot,  
As touched nothing that congeled not.

And when he had arowld him selfe a while,  
And stretcht his ioyntes as stiffe as any stile:  
Because he would his charge no longer slacke,  
He got him bp on blustring Bozeas backe,  
And forth he went: but his hoze so heapy trode,  
That al the world might knowe which way he rode.  
For in his way there grew no maner grene,  
That coulde in thze dayes after tye be sene.

His bzech and bzaying was so sharpe and thzyl,  
That stude so; seare hard cluddered stoope full still,  
The leas did quake and tremble in such sozt,  
That never a ship durst venter out of port.  
The holtes, the heathes, the hilles betame al hoze,  
The trees did thzinke, al thinges were troubled soze.

When this fel horseman with his griesly stede  
Had passed Iseland, and made forth such spede,

W.

That

## The Funerall of King

That many Shots had: Full ple to the Churle,  
That slue their lambes and cattall with his whurles  
He passed Poike, and came to London strait,  
And there alight to gebe his horse a bayt.  
Where ere he had three dayes in stable stoope,  
He eat so much, the pooze could get no wood,  
Except they would pay after double price,  
For Billet treble vnder common cise.

But Crasp cold luche al this while at court,  
To warche his time when he the king might court:  
And when he saw him on a morning, sweat,  
And call for drinke to coole his tennis heat,  
He slyly crept, and hid him in the cup:  
And when the King, alas, had drunke him vp,  
Into his stomacke downward he blin got,  
And there perceyving all the inwards hot,  
And that eche part ful greedily did plache  
To save it selfe, all succour it might luche,  
He markt the chyle that went vnto the Lounge,  
And thowly myxt his vertue ther amonges:  
And cooking it, so stopt the pipes ther with,  
As to dissolve pure nature wanted pith:

This doen, to London strait this spend he came,  
And there infected others with the same:  
Wherof most part not ober charely tended,  
Recovered well, and thowly are amended,  
And sum whose nature phisicke overpess,  
Are goen to God, and slepe in quyet rest.

What Crasp cold this cruel fear had wrought,  
Wt toke his Creede that had him thither brought,

And



## Edvvard the syxe.

And furth he rode to him that sent him thither,  
And so forth home, or els I wot not whither.

Right soze achrasde, within a day or twayne  
The King gan sicke, and of his best complayne.  
The supre tongelde that in his Lounges lay rawe,  
Did stop the pipes, wherthroughe the brest should breste.  
By meane wherof his stomache warded faynt,  
Till nature holpe throughe medicinall constraynt,  
Did make a way by purging part therof,  
Wherof enslewed a soze and behement cough,  
With reaching oft; as if the hart should breake,  
Wherby the vitall blud becam to weake.  
For helpe wherof physiciens did repaire,  
And so; his ayde did kepe him from the ayre:  
But when the King awhile was mist abroad,  
His louers mournde, the preachers layd on lode,  
Who seing the prince plagde for the peoples sin,  
Exhorted all amendment to begin.

For warning, if we would not turne in tyme,  
His grace should dye, and we should beare the crime:  
And after his death such cruell plagges ensue,  
As all should feele, and then to late, should rue.

The Magistrate was playnly tolde his fault,  
The man of lawe was warned not to halte:  
Request was made the church goodes to restore,  
Or put to the vse that they wer taken for.  
Leasumgiring Landlo:ds, such as raysted rents,  
Wler moved to hate theise Lands to auncient stents,  
The waste, the lare, the baynnes of attyre,  
Exco:cion, malice, covetous desyre,

## The Funerall of King

All Papistry, with fruteles gospel boast,  
Was cryed agaynst, and damnde as wicked most.  
And to be bylese, fro the lowest to the hyst,  
All wer desired to like the lawe of Christ.  
With earnest threats, from God the living Lord,  
In whose lust ye all sinne is soze abhord,  
That if we did not these our faultes repent,  
The King should dye, and we to late lament.

But our alas, how wer these preachers heard?  
The heades withdrew their psons, all afeard  
Least sum good motion might amend their minde.  
By whose example, the people (nought by kinde)  
Tooke hart of grasse the preachers to despise:  
And staudred them with shameles forged lyss.  
Gods bytter threats they made a very worke,  
His prophetes eke a common testing worke,  
As for amendment, none at al was sene,  
But into wars all pls were turned clene.

When God had suffred all these thinges a space,  
And saw at last how all refused his grace,  
And that no threats might cause them to repyer,  
To stop the stroke of his consuming fire,  
He fully agreed to take his blessed childe:  
For speed wherof, he bitterly cryde  
All meanes by which he might recouer force.  
Then did his griefe so soze assaule the corse  
That euery bayne and muscle gan to swell,  
Which bred a payne much like the panges of hell:  
In which the piteous Prince a pining laye,  
In hope all hopeles, many a wofull daye.

But

## Edvard the syxt.

But God which sawe the terroz of the payne  
Wherin so long this innocent had layne,  
Because he would soz it provide an ayde,  
He called Death, and thus to him he sayd:  
Dispatch at ones, to Greenwich se thou hye,  
Where my elect, King Edward, sicke, doth lye  
In paynfull panges, wherin he hath be long,  
Not soz his owne, but soz his peoples wrong:  
Enforce thynne arme, and with thy cruell dart  
Cleabe me in twayne his vertuous godly hart.  
What, wepest thou Death? Ceas foole, & hold thy toung:  
What though he be both beawtifull and young,  
So leard a pynce, so manly, and so mecke  
As scldome had, noz est shall have his like:  
He is to good soz that ungracious Realme:  
Wherefoze dispatch, go strike thy stroke extreme.  
Take no compassion on his tender youth,  
His wit, his verue, oz earnest zeale of truth.  
But wotst thou what, let not thy founte be such.  
An ougly shape, as to the worldly rich  
It oft appeares: But lobely, as it is  
To such as long soz everlastyng blisse.  
With cunly shape, and smiling chere, I say,  
Go lette his soule, have done, and go thy way.

When doubtful Death had heard this hard debisse,  
He tryed him selfe in his most cunly gysse,  
Like Mercury in every kinde of grace,  
Save that he had a much more lobely face:  
And sozth he stawe, and got him to the bed,  
Wherin the King lay neyther quicke noz dead,



## The Funerall of King

But in a trauance: for why his deadly grieffe,  
And nature strave, to probe who should be chiefe,  
But when wicke nature had consumed her best,  
She yelded her, and so the struggle ceast.  
Wherby the King cam to him selfe agayne,  
And seing death, he turned away amayne:  
For why his yongth, and yet vnfloured yeth,  
Could not consent to so vnripe a death.  
Dyng Death him selfe with pity moved thoe,  
Had much to do to hide his inward woe:  
And seing the lobely prince so sore afrayd,  
With smiling there to comfort him, he sayd.  
Most noble King, abathe not, but assent,  
For God the almighty hath me hither sent:  
Who much lamenting this your wofull case,  
Would have you cum to solas with his grace,  
In life, in blisse, in everlasting glozy,  
From worldly thinges all vyle and transitory,  
From this your state vncertaine and vnure,  
Unto a Raygne that shall for ay endure.

So sooner had our Soverayne heard of this,  
But loe, his goast (which long had longd for blisse)  
Would nedes away: Whobest his carefull minde  
For this his realme, which he should leaue behind,  
Did move his grace to pray death stay awhile,  
To thend he might him selfe both reconcile  
To God his king, and also recomende  
His realme to him for euer to defend.  
And while that Death for this cause gladly stayed,  
He set him vp, and thus to God he prayed.

Haue

## Edward the syxt.

**T**he mercy on me father dere, O Lord, and God of truth,  
O let thy mercy hide the sins, and fragility of my youth.

I have transgressed thy lawe to oft, full woe is me therfore,  
But for thy sonne my saviours sake, my selly soule restore.

My flesh doth crave to hope the life, full loth to loose the lyght:  
But Lorde, do thou as thal seme best, to thine almighty sight.  
And whan thou hast receyved my soule, which troubles oberwhelm  
Be mercifull (most mercifull) to this my wretched Realme.  
Preferbe thy truth, mayntayne thy word, potwre plenty of thy grace,  
On all such hartes as thou shalt see, to governe in my place.

Thus Lorde, I render to thy handes, my selfe, my flocke, my seat,  
Do with them all thy blessed will, for Chyestes sake I entreat.

Amen O deach, and with his percing dart,  
He strake in twayne the kinges yet praying hart.  
But Lord how glad the goast was of the stroke,  
For when it sawe the prison gate was broke,  
Fast furth it flew, and up to heaben went  
To rest with God in loves that never stent:  
The soules body about the bed did spall,  
While they about it on the King did call,  
Adawing him as if he wer in wound:  
But all for nought, he had his deadly wound.  
And when the blud, that went to helpe the hart,  
Had sweltered it, and left eche other part,  
Than wart his face and handes all pale and wan,  
And when the bludles partes to coole began,  
To heabenward his handes and eyes he cast,

Downe

## The Funerall of King

Downe fell his lawes, his hart stringes all to b;ast,  
And still he lay, so; libely heart was past.

Thus dyed this King, this gildes blessed childe,  
In body and soule, a virgin undefilde,  
The sixtenth yere of his vnperfect age.

Who worth vs men, whose sins let run at rage  
Habe murdred him: who worth vs wretches all,  
On whom the wycke of righteous blood must fall,  
Who worth our sins, so; they, alas, habe slayne,  
The noblest p;ince that dyd, o; est shall rayne.

Sapien. iiii.

¶ Thus the righteous which is dead, con-  
demneth the vngodly which are liuing, and  
the youth that is soone brought to an ende,  
the long life of the vnrighteous.



**C**An exhortacion to the repentance  
of sinnes; and amendment of life, vvhich  
were the cause of the Kinges death, & wil  
be the destruction of the Realme  
If God be not the more mer-  
cifull vnto vs.

**A**ll Englishe people what so euer ye bee,  
Rulers, and subiectes of ebery degree,  
Whose horrible vices haue moved the wrath  
Of God so to skourge vs, as lately it hath,  
By bzinging our Souerayne to soone to his ende,  
Repent your misliuing, and quickly amende:  
For that was the cause of the Kings death in dede,  
And will be his heires to, without better heede.

Repent O ye Princes, your greedy desper  
Of honour and riches, wherby set on fier,  
You rob vnder colour of Christen profession,  
From Christ and his poore, their right and possession.  
You oppresse the people through sale of your lust,  
Repent, recompence to, and learne to be iust:  
For this was the cause of the Kings death in dede,  
And will be the kingdomes without better heede.

Repent you prelates your seeking promotion,  
Your greedy gathering, your lacke of deuotion,  
Your to much care for your children and wiues,  
Your whorish abusing, your wise lothing liues,

**C**

**More**

## An exhortacion

Repent you popishe errors, your folwe disoꝛgacion  
Of Chꝛist his manhode, his merites and passion:  
For this was the cause of the Kings death in dede  
And will be his heires to, without better hede.

Repent you subiectes, your disobedience  
To God and good Rulers, your great irreuerence  
To true religion, your elders and teachers,  
Your mocking and shorning of gods holy preachers,  
Your common swearing, transgression of lawes,  
Your troubling your neyghbours for ebery light cause  
For this was the cause of the Kings death in dede,  
And will be the Quenes without better hede.

Repent you officers all the deceytes  
You be in your paymantes and in your receptes,  
Your brybe bought audices, your subtille sarneynges,  
Your thebisch accompts made by crafty connepings,  
Your robbing the rulers that put you in trust:  
Repent, recompence to, hence forwarde be iust.  
For that was the cause of the Kings death in dede,  
And will be his siffers, without better hede.

Repent you false lawiers your racking and strapping  
To make all lawes serbe to your greedy gapning,  
Your robbing the riche, your vndoing the poore,  
Your making the law and iustice an whoze,  
Which no man embrace may until he be solde  
For great mens fauours, or hye heapes of golde,  
For this was the cause of the kinges death in dede,  
And will be the kingdomes without better hede.

## To amend our liues.

Repent you marchantes your straunge marchandises  
Of personages, prebendes, anowsons of benefices,  
Of landes, of leases, of office, of fees,  
Your monging of vitayles, cozne, butter, and cheese:  
Your carying out good wares, and b:nging such in  
As sarbe to no purpose, save b:rdyng bp sin.  
For this was the cause of the kinges death in dede  
And wil be his sisters without better hede.

Repent you captytes your rapylng of rent  
Your fines, your incoms, yet neuer at a stent,  
Your turning of tillage so much into pasture,  
That townees and towneships are ruyned past cure:  
Your wastng of woods, your ingrossing chepe wares,  
To make dearth of plenty, to encrease others cares,  
For this was the cause of the kinges death in dede,  
And wil be the kingdomes without better hede.

Repent you Iudges your parciall iudgementes,  
Your quytting the gyltye, your quelling innocentes  
For mede, for byede, for spite or for pleasure.  
Repent you Knattlers thabuse of your treasure,  
Your othes, your sury, your els many a cryme  
Beside the expence of your bodyes and tyme.  
For these wer a cause of the kinges death in dede  
And wil be the kingdomes without better hede.

Repent you Leachers your dissolute liues,  
Your caucles delyng your true wedded wifes,  
Your crafty alluring the silly to sinne,

C.H.

Don



## An exhortacion

Your bying of Orphans to wed to your kin,  
Your forcing of widowes unwilling to mary  
To cause breth of wedlocke, sich nedes they must bary:  
For this was the cause of the kinges death in dede,  
And will be the kingdomes without better hede.

To conclude, let eche man of every degree  
Betwape his offences what so eber they be,  
And aske God forgebence, and make recompens  
To those he hath harmed through any offence:  
For sure if we do not, such plagues wil ensewe,  
As never cam pet vpon heathen nor Jewe.  
For our sins were the cause of the kinges death in dede,  
And will be the kingdomes without better hede.

Sith we all already are gilty of murder,  
Twas we all for Gods sake, to sin any further,  
Ostepe not our Soverayne, our most noble Queen,  
Whose match in vertue hath seldome be seen,  
But pray the almighty her life to defend.  
Repent, recompence, pray, pay, and amend.  
For if our sins send her to her brother,  
Swift vengeance wil follow, let none looke for other.

✠ Syrach the. x.

Because of unrighteous dealing, of wrong,  
of blasphemies, & sundry deceptes, a Realme  
shalb e translated from one people to an o-  
ther.

An Epitaph.

**The Death playnt or life prayse**  
of the most noble and vertuous  
Prince, King Edward  
the 5<sup>th</sup>.

**A** noble hart which feare might neber mooue,  
Wherin a minde with vertue fraught did rest,  
A face whose chere allured vnto loobe  
All hartes, through eyes which pity whole possess,  
The byayne, which wit and wisdom made their cheff,  
Fulfold with all good giftes that man may haue,  
Rest with a princely Carkeas here in grave.

Whose vertuous giftes infused with the minde  
As godly feare, with constant zeale to truch,  
Such skill of tongues, and artes of ebery kinde,  
Such manhode, prudens, iustice toynd with rush  
As age seeld hath, though here they greed with youth,  
Are from their wenies undefiled hoast,  
Goen hence to heaben with their godly goast.

Of which two partes belynth in lace of life,  
It pleased the Lord to lend vs late a king:  
But out alas our sins they wer so rife,  
And we so vnworthy of so good a thing,  
That Atropos did knap in two the string  
Before her sisters sirenne whurles had spun,  
Of we the gayne of seuen yeres rayne through won.

A. M.

1510.

## An Epitaph.

Who warrth our sinnes, our sinnes our sins I say,  
The wicke wherof hath rest vs such a loan  
As never realme the like recouer may,  
In princely giftes, the phentix byrd alone.  
Oh happy he, but we full wo begorn.  
Whose haynous sins have slayne the giltyes side,  
Whose soule the heate, whose coyle this herse doth hide  
FINIS.

King Edward sickened the first day  
of February, at whitehall, and on the  
syrte day of Iulye next folowing, died  
he at Greenwich, And was buryed in  
Westminster church. Anno. 1553.



